

nearly two thousand years ago another servant of humanity looked out from a flat roof over Jerusalem.

A Kingsley Hall was started in 1915 in memory of her now dead brother. Where sectarian Baptists used to meet and where their creed was actually found, "We deny that salvation is free. We deny that Christ died for all men," a centre of fellowship for the whole community was built up, a club for the people. Out of the children's side of the work was built, in 1923, Children's House, which is another story. The present Kingsley Hall came into being as the result of a summer school for eight or ten unemployed in which Muriel Lester tested out one of her theories.

"Do you realise what harms?" she asked. "It is not the unemployment. It is the aimlessness, the never having anything to do next." She also held that they would respond to the best as middle-class people do. For a week they all lived together as a family; daily baths, simple food, going to libraries, to the Zoo, to the House of Commons, a theatre with tea afterwards—"All the things working people don't get, which are usual middle-class amenities." They studied together, too, English poetry, the principles of rhythm, reading as much or as little as they liked. And at night she played the best music, at first wondering whether they would be quiet. They were—there fell silence together for the space of many moments afterwards. "There was always something to do. The awful look left their faces. At the end of the week, they appeared just like happy undergraduates."

As a result, the present Kingsley Hall was opened a year ago. What the architect, C. Cowles Voysey, declares he did was to give form to Muriel Lester's ideas. Above "the place of worship," always devoid of furniture except when needed, for the chairs come and go through a concealed trap-door in the parquet floor, is the spacious and airy club room where the people of Poplar gather in fellowship. There is music, games, a place for meals in delightful simplicity. On one side is the library, a place all book-lovers would love to use, and behind, the office, on the door of which is pinned a card bearing the words by Yeats, quoted at the head of this article, with kitchen and other rooms adjoining. One side of the roof has cell-like rooms for the women and the other for the men. At the corners are roof sitting-rooms and a roof-garden with one of Gilbert Bayes' fountains.

Holding that "no one should have luxuries until every one has had their needs supplied," Muriel Lester has alienated her own income to a Trust Fund that supplies Poplar's poor with help in time of bitterest need. That, again, is another story. Like her co-workers from the ranks of the rich and the very poor, she has nothing but the allowance of 4s. 6d. a week for clothes and 2s. 6d. for incidental expenses, out of which collections at the Hall and such etceteras come. Eight or ten of them—the numbers vary—live as one family, austere-housed and simply-fed, serving the people to whom it is a spiritual home. Each shares the menial and other tasks.